

E

467

J

.B16115



Class E 46 9

Book B 16 U 5

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF HON. EDWARD D. BAKER,

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1861.

WASHINGTON :
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1862.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF HON. EDWARD D. BAKER,

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ON



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1861.

WASHINGTON:

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

1862.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FRIDAY, *January* 24, 1862.

Resolved, That ten thousand copies of the Eulogies delivered on the occasion of the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, Senator from Oregon, be printed for the use of the House.

Attest:

EM. ETHERIDGE,

Clerk.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF HON. EDWARD D. BAKER.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1861.

DEATH OF HON. EDWARD D. BAKER.

The President of the United States entered the Senate Chamber, supported by Hon. LYMAN TRUMBULL and Hon. O. H. BROWNING, Senators from the State of Illinois. He was introduced to the Vice President, and took a seat beside him on the dais appropriated to the President of the Senate. J. G. Nicolay, Esq., and John Hay, Esq., Private Secretaries to the President of the United States, took seats near the central entrance.

Address of Mr. NESMITH, of Oregon.

MR. PRESIDENT: The usage of this body imposes upon me the melancholy duty of announcing the death of my late colleague, EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER, United States Senator from the State of Oregon, who fell gloriously fighting under our national flag, at the head of his command, near Leesburg, in Virginia, on the 21st day of last October. Mr. BAKER was a native of England. While young his family emigrated to Philadelphia,

where he resided with them for several years, and subsequently emigrated to the State of Illinois. He early embraced the profession of the law, and became eminent as an advocate at the bar, composed of the ablest lawyers in the West, many of whom have since achieved honorable distinction in other pursuits.

Mr. BAKER was twice chosen a Representative to Congress from Illinois, and at the commencement of the war with Mexico was selected to command a regiment of his constituents. He served with distinction at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and assumed the command of his brigade after the fall of General Shields. In 1852 he went to California, and by his commanding ability soon secured a fine legal practice, which he retained until he changed his residence to Oregon. As an orator, Mr. BAKER ranked high, and was peculiarly fascinating in his manner and diction; as a soldier, he was possessed of a rare aptitude for the profession of arms, combined with that cool, unflinching courage which enabled him to perform the most arduous duties under trying circumstances, and to look upon the most fearful peril with composure. We all recollect how, during the late session of Congress, he threw his influence on the side of his country; and when responding to what he denominated the "polished treason" of a Senator upon this floor, he declared himself in favor of "bold, sudden, forward, and determined war." What he said as a senator he was willing to do as a soldier.

It is but a few short months since, in the presence of this body, he took upon himself a solemn oath to support the Constitution of the United States; that covenant has been sealed with his heart's blood. Death has

silenced his eloquence forever; and his manly form has been consigned to its last resting place on the shores of the distant Pacific.

In the glowing eloquence of his own words, as he stood by the grave of his friend Broderick, "the last words must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of Death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart, we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amidst our mountains and our valleys until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart."

Mr. President, I shall leave to others more competent than myself to do justice to the character and many virtues of my colleague; and

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God."

I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the members of the Senate, from a sincere desire of showing every mark of respect due to the memory of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, deceased, late a Senator from the State of Oregon, will go into mourning by wearing crape on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect for the memory of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, the Senate do now adjourn.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Address of MR. McDougall, of California.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Within the brief period I have occupied a seat on this floor, I have listened to the formal announcement of the decease of the two Senators nearest to me by the ties of association and friendship, both representative men, and among the ablest that ever discoursed counsel in this Senate.

I trust I shall be pardoned if it be thought that there is something of pride in my claim of friendship with such distinguished and not to be forgotten men.

The late Senator from Illinois, as well as the late Senator of whom I am about to speak, were my seniors in years, and much more largely instructed than myself in public affairs. Differing as they had for a period of more than a quarter of a century, they had met together, and in the maintenance, in all its integrity, of the great governmental institution of our fathers, they were one. Coming myself a stranger to your counsels, I looked to them for that home advice in which there is no purpose of disguise or concealment.

Their loss has been, and is, to me, like the shadows of great clouds; but while I have felt, and now feel, their loss, as companions, friends, and counselors, in whose truth I trusted, I feel that no sense of private loss should find expression when a nation suffers. I may say here, however, that while for the loss of these two great Senators a nation suffers, the far country from whence I come feels the sufferings of a double loss. They were both soldiers and champions of the West—of our new and undeveloped possessions. A few months since the

people of the Pacific, from the Sea of Cortez to the Straits of Fuca, mourned for Douglas: the same people now mourn for BAKER. The two Senators were widely different men, molded in widely different forms, and they walked in widely different paths; but the tread of their hearts kept time, and they each sought a common goal, only by different paths.

The record of the honorable birth, brilliant life, and heroic death of the late EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER has been already made by a thousand eloquent pens. That record has been read in cabin and in hall from Maine to furthest Oregon. I offer now but to pay to his memory the tribute of my love and praise. While paying this tribute with a proud sadness, I trust its value will not be diminished when I state that for many years, and until the recent demands of patriotism extinguished controversial differences, we were almost constant adversaries in the forum and at the bar.

A great writer, in undertaking to describe one of the greatest of men, said: "Know that there is not one of you who is aware of his real nature." I think that, with all due respect, I might say of the late Senator the same thing to this Senate, as I am compelled to say it to myself. Of all the men I have ever known, he was the most difficult to comprehend.

He was a many-sided man. Will, mind, power radiated from one centre within him, in all directions; and while the making of that circle, which, according to the dreams of old philosophy, would constitute a perfect being, is not within human hope, he may be regarded as one who at least illustrated the thought.

His great powers cannot be attributed to the work

of laborious years. They were not his achievements. They were gifts, God-given. His sensations, memory, thought, and action went hand in hand together, with a velocity and power which, if not always exciting admiration, compelled astonishment.

Although learned, the late Senator was not what is called a scholar. He was too full of stirring life to labor among the moldy records of dead ages; and had he not been, the wilderness of the West furnished no field for the exercise of mere scholarly accomplishments.

I say the late Senator was learned. He was skilled in metaphysics, logic, and law. He might be called a master of history, and of all the literature of our own language. He knew much of music—not only music as it gives present pleasure to the ear, but music in the sense in which it was understood by the old seekers after wisdom, who held that in harmonious sounds rested some of the great secrets of the infinite.

Poetry he inhaled and expressed. The afflatus called divine breathed about him. Many years since, on the then wild plains of the West, in the middle of a star-lit night, as we journeyed together, I heard first from him the chant of that noble song, "The Battle of Ivry." Two of its stanzas impressed me then, and there are other reasons why they impress me now:

"The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high:
Right graciously he smiled on us, as ran from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our Lord the King!'
And if my standard-bearer fall, and fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,

Press where ye see my white plume shines, amidst the ranks of war;
And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre.

Hurrah! the foes are moving—hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin;
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Gueldres and Almagne.
'Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge! for the golden lilies—now upon them with the lance!'
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed! while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre."

It was the poetry which embodies the life of great and chivalrous action which moved him most, and he possessed the power to create it.

He was an orator. Not an orator trained to the model of the Greek or Roman school, but one far better suited to our age and people. He was a master of dialectics, and possessed a skill and power in words which would have confounded the rhetoric of Gorgias, and demanded of the great master of dialectics himself the exact use of all his materials of wordy warfare.

He was deeply versed in all that belongs to the relations and conduct of all forms of societies, from families to States, and the laws which have and do govern them.

He was not a man of authorities simply, because he used authorities only as the rounds whereby to ascend to principles.

Having learned much, he was a remarkable master of all he knew, whether, it was to analyse, generalise, or combine his vast materials.

It was true of him, as it is true of most remarkable

minds, that he did not always appear to be all he was. The occasion made the measure of the exhibition of his strength. When the occasion challenged the effort, he could discourse as cunningly as the Sage of Ithaca, and as wisely as the King of Pylus.

He was a soldier. He was a leader—"a man of war"—fit, like the Tachmonite, "to sit in the seat, chief among the captains." Like all men who possess hero blood, he loved fame, glory, honorable renown. He thirsted for it with an ardent thirst, as did Cicero and Cæsar; and what was that nectar in which the gods delighted on high Olympus but the wine of praise for great deeds accomplished? Would that he might have lived, so that his great sacrifice might have been offered, and his great soul have gone up, from some great victorious field, his lips bathed with the nectar that he loved.

None ever felt more than he—

"Since all must life resign,
Those sweet delights that decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave."

But it was something more than the fierce thirst for glory that carried the late Senator to the field of sacrifice. No one felt more than he the majestic dignity of the great cause for which our nation now makes war. He loved freedom—if you please, Anglo-Saxon freedom; for he was of that great old race. He loved this land—this whole land. He had done much to conquer it from the wilderness; and by his own acts he had made it his land.

Hero blood is patriotic blood. When he witnessed

the storm of anarchy with which the madness of depraved ambition sought to overwhelm the land of his choice and love—when he heard the battle call—

“Lay down the ax, fling by the spade,
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade,
For arms like yours, are fitter now.
And let the hands that ply the pen,
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman’s crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

“Our country calls—away! away!
To where the blood-streams blot the green!
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That time in all its course has seen!”—

it was in the spirit of the patriot hero that the gallant soldier, the grave Senator, the white-haired man of counsel, yet full of youth as full of years, gave answer, as does the war-horse, to the trumpet’s sound.

The wisdom of his conduct has been questioned. Many have thought that he should have remained for counsel in this hall. Mr. President, the propriety of a Senator taking upon himself the duties of a soldier depends, like many other things, on circumstances; and certainly such conduct has the sanction of the example of great names.

Socrates—who was not of the councils of Athens simply because he deemed his office as a teacher of wisdom a higher and nobler one—did not think it unworthy of himself to serve as a common soldier in battle; and when Plato seeks best to describe, and most to dignify, his great master, he causes Alcibiades, among other things, to say of him:

"I ought not to omit what Socrates was in battle; for in that battle after which the generals deereed to me the prize of courage, Socrates alone, of all men, was the saviour of my life, standing by me when I had fallen and was wounded, and preserving both myself and my arms from the hands of the enemy. But to see Socrates, when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at Delias, was a spectacle worthy to behold. On that oceation, I was among the cavalry, and he on foot, heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops, he and Laches retreated together. I came up by chance; and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer, for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidœa the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates on this emergency." * * * *

* * * "He walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies; so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoeover should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companion thus departed in safety; for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed, whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates, even in defeat."

This is the picture of a sage painted by a sage; and why may not great wisdom be the strongest element of a great war?

In the days when the States of Greece were free—when Rome was free, when Venice was free—who but their great statesmen, counselors, and senators, led their armies to victorious battle? In the best days of all the great and free States, civil place and distinction was never held inconsistent with military authority and conduct. So far from it, all history teaches the fact that those who have proved themselves most competent to direct and administer the affairs of government in times of peace, were not only trusted, but were best trusted with the conduct of armies in times of war.

In these teachings of history there may be some lessons we have yet to learn; and that we have such lessons to learn I know was the strong conviction of the late Senator.

It is with no sense of satisfaction that I feel it my duty to say that I have been led to the opinion that there is much soundness in the opinion he entertained.

It is but a brief time since the late Senator was among us, maintaining our country's cause with wise counsel, clothed in eloquent words. When, in August last, his duties here as a Senator for the time ceased, he devoted himself exclusively to the duties of a soldier. Occupying a subordinate position, commanded where he was most fit to command, he received his orders. He saw and knew the nature of the enterprise he was required to undertake. He saw and knew that he was required to move underneath the shadow of the wings of Azrael. He did not—he would not—question the requirement made of him. His motto on that day was: "A good heart, and no hope." He knew, as was known at Balaklava, that some one had blundered; yet he said: "Forward, my brigade, although some one has blundered."

Was this reckless rashness? No!

It may be called sacrifice, self-sacrifice; but I, who know the man who was the late Senator—the calm, self-possessed perfectness of his valor—and who have studied all the details of the field of his last offering with a sad earnestness, say to you, sir—to this Senate, to the country, and particularly to the people of the land of the West, where most and best he is known and loved—that no rash, reckless regardlessness of danger

can be attributed to him. It is but just to say of him, that his conduct sprung from a stern hero, patriot, martyr spirit, that enabled him to dare unflinchingly—with a smile to the green earth, and a smile to the bright heavens, and a cheer to his brave companions—ascend the altar of sacrifice.

A poet of the middle ages, speaking of Carthage as then a dead city, the grave of which was scarcely discernible, says:

“For cities die, kingdoms die; a little sand and grass cover all that was once lofty in them, and glorious; and yet man, forsooth, disdains that he is mortal! Oh, mind of ours, inordinate and proud.”

It is true cities and kingdoms die, but the eternal thought lives on. Great thought, incorporate with great action, does not die, but lives a universal life, and its power is felt vibrating through all spirit and throughout all the ages.

I doubt whether or not we should mourn for any of the dead. I am confident that there should be no mourning for those who render themselves up as sacrifices in any great, just, and holy cause. It better becomes us to praise and dignify them.

It was the faith of an ancient people that the souls of heroes did not rest until their great deeds had been hymned by bards, to the sounds of martial music.

Bards worthy of the ancient time have hymned the praise of the great citizen, senator, and soldier who has left us. They have showered on his memory

“Those leaves, which, for the eternal few
Who wander o'er the paradise of fame,
In sacred dedication ever grew.”

I would that I were able to add a single leaf to the eternal amaranth.

In long future years, when our night of horror shall have passed, and there shall have come again

“The weleome morning with its rays of peace,”
young seekers after fame, and young lovers of freedom,
throughout all this land—yea, and other and distant
lands—will recognise, honor, and imitate our late asso-
ciate as one of the undying dead.

Mr. President, I second the resolutions of the Senator from Oregon.

Address of Mr. BROWNING, of Illinois.

Mr. PRESIDENT: On taking my seat in the Senate at its special session in July last, my first active participation in its business was on the occasion of the proceedings commemorative of the death of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, my immediate predecessor; and now, sir, at the commencement of this my second session, it becomes my melancholy duty to bear a part in the ceremonies in honor of another, who had been longer a citizen of the State of Illinois, whose memory is not less dear to the hearts of her people, and whose tragical and untimely death has shrouded the State in mourning.

Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER was, and had ever been, my personal and political friend, and, from earliest manhood, the relations between us had been of the closest and most confidential character that friendship allows; and there are but few whose death would have left so large a void in my affections.

Something my junior in years, he was my senior in the profession to which we both belonged; and commencing our professional career in the same State, and very near the same time, traveling much upon the same circuit, and belonging to the same political party, a friendship grew up which was cemented and strengthened by time, and continued, from our first acquaintance amid the collisions of the bar and the rivalries of politics, without ever having sustained a shock or an interruption even for a moment; and I owe it to the memories of the past, and to the relations which subsisted between us whilst he lived, to offer some poor tribute to his worth now that he is dead.

Few men who have risen to positions of great distinction and usefulness, and left the impress of their lives upon their country's history, have been less indebted to the circumstances of birth and fortune. He inherited neither ancestral wealth nor honors; but whatever of either he attained was the reward of his own energy and talents. He was, very literally, the "architect of his own fortunes."

Commencing the practice of law before he had reached the full maturity of manhood, and in what was then a border State, but among lawyers whose talents and learning shed lustre upon the profession to which they belonged, without the patronage of wealth or power, he soon made his way to the front rank of the bar, and maintained his position there to the hour of his death.

But he did not confine himself exclusively to professional pursuits, and to the care of his own private affairs. He was a man of rare endowments, and of such fitness and aptitude for public employments as were sure to

attract public attention. He could not, if he would, have made his way through life along its quiet, peaceful, and secluded walks; and it does him no discredit to say he would not if he could.

He was too fully in sympathy with his kind to be indifferent to anything which affected their welfare, and too heroic in character to remain a passive spectator of great and stirring events. He was eminently a man of action; and although fond of literature and science and art, and possessed of a refined and cultivated taste, he yet loved the sterner conflicts of life more than the quiet conquests of the closet; and whilst a citizen of Illinois, served her both as a soldier and civilian, and won distinction wherever he acted. He had elasticity, strength, versatility, and fervor of intellect, and a mind full of resources.

His talents were both varied and brilliant, and capable of great achievements; but their usefulness was, perhaps, somewhat impaired by a peculiarity of physical organization, which made him one of the most restless of men, and incapable of the close, steady, and persevering mental application without which great results cannot often be attained. It was not fickleness or unsteadiness of purpose, but a proud and impatient spurning of restraint, contempt for the beaten track of mental processes, and disgust with the dullness and weariness of confinement and inaction. But this defect was, to a very great extent, compensated by the wonderful ease and rapidity with which he could master any subject upon which he chose to concentrate the powers of his mind; by the marvelous facility with which he acquired knowledge, and the felicity with which he could use it.

Whatever he could do at all he could do at once, and up to the full measure of his capacity. Whatever he could comprehend at all he comprehended with the quickness of intuition, and gained but little afterwards by investigation and elaboration. He did not reach intellectual results as other men do—by the slow processes of analysis or induction; but if he could reach them at all, he could do it at a bound. And yet it was not jumping at conclusions, for he could always state, with almost mathematical clearness and precision, the premises from which he made his deductions, and guide you along the same path he had traveled to the same goal. He saw at a glance all the material, and all the relations of the material, which he intended to use, to the subject in hand, but which another would have carefully and laboriously to search out and collect to be enabled to see at all, and diligently to collate before understanding its uses and relations.

To a greater extent than most men, he combined the force and severity of logic with grace, fancy, and eloquence, filling at the bar at the same time the character of the astute and profound lawyer, and the able, eloquent, and successful advocate; whilst in the Senate, the wise, prudent, and discreet statesman was combined with the chaste, classical, brilliant, and persuasive orator.

But with all his aptitude for, and adaptation to, the highest and noblest pursuits of the civilian, he had a natural taste, talent, and fondness for the life of the soldier. There was something in the bugle-blast of war and the cannon's roar which roused his soul to its profoundest depths; and he could no more remain in inglorious ease at home, while the desolations of war

blackened and blasted the land, than the proud eagle could descend from his home in the cloud to dwell with the moping owl.

Three times, in his not protracted life, he led our citizen soldiers to the embattled plain to meet in deadly conflict his country's foes. Alas! that he shall lead them no more! that he shall never more marshal them for the glorious strife! never more rouse to the "signal trumpet tone!" He has fallen! "The fresh dust is chill upon the breast that burned erewhile with fires that seemed immortal."

"He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle;
No sound shall awake him to glory again."

He fell—as I think he would have preferred to fall had he had the choice of the mode of death—in the storm of battle, cheering his brave followers on to duty in the service of his adopted country, to which he felt that he owed much, which he loved well, and had served long and faithfully. It does him no dishonor to say that he was a man of great ambition, and that he yearned after military renown; but his ambition was chastened by his patriotism, his strong sense of justice, and his humanity; and its fires never burned so fiercely in his bosom as to tempt him to purchase honor, glory, and distinction for himself, by needlessly sacrificing, or even imperiling, the lives of others. He was no untried soldier, with a name yet to win. It was already high on the roll of fame, and indissolubly linked with his country's history. Years ago, at home and abroad, he had drawn his sword in his country's cause, and shed his blood in defence of her rights. Years ago he had led

our soldiers to battle, and by his gallantry shed new lustre upon our arms, and historic interest upon Cerro Gordo's heights; and now he had that fame to guard and protect. He had to defend his already written page of history from blot or stain, as well as to add to it another leaf equally radiant and enduring. But, Mr. President, it would be a poor, inadequate, and unworthy estimate of his character which should explore only a selfish ambition and aspirations for individual glory for the sources of his action.

The impelling causes were far higher and nobler. He was a true, immovable, incorruptible, and unshrinking patriot. He was the fast, firm friend of civil and religious liberty, and believed that they should be the common heritage and blessing of all mankind; and that they could be secured and enjoyed only through the instrumentality of organized constitutional government, and submission to, and obedience of, its laws; and the conviction upon his mind was deep and profound that if the wicked rebellion which had been inaugurated went unrebuked, and treason triumphed over law, constitutional government in North America would be utterly annihilated, to be followed by the confusion of anarchy, and the confusion of anarchy to be succeeded by the oppressions and atrocities of despotism. He believed that whatever the horrors, and plagues, and desolations of civil war might be, they would still be far less in magnitude and duration than the plagues and calamities which would inevitably follow upon submission and separation. The contest in which we are engaged had been, without cause or pretext of cause, forced upon us. We had to accept the strife, or so submit to an arrogant

assumption of superiority of right as to show ourselves unworthy of the liberties and blessings which the blood, and treasure, and wisdom, and virtue of illustrious sires had achieved for us; and he believed that the issue of the contest was powerfully and vitally to affect the welfare and happiness of the American people, if not, indeed, of all other nations, for centuries yet to be. With these views, both just and patriotic, he recognised it as his duty to give his services to his country whenever and in whatever capacity they could be of most value and importance; and with as much of self-abnegation as the frailties of humanity would allow, he took his place in the serried ranks of war; and in the strict and discreet discharge of his duty as a soldier, fighting for his country in a holy cause, he fell.

And it is, Mr. President, to me, his friend, a source of peculiar gratification, that the history of the disastrous day which terminated his brilliant career, when it shall have been truthfully written, will be his full and sufficient vindication from any charge of temerity or recklessness regarding the lives of those intrusted to his care. He was brave, ardent, and impetuous, and "when war's stern strength was on his soul," he no doubt felt that "one crowded hour of glorious life was worth an age without a name." But his was not the fitful impetuosity of the whirlwind, which unfits for self-control or the command of others, but the strong, steady, and resistless roll of the stream within its prescribed limits, and to its sure and certain object. Not the impetuosity which culminates in fantastic rashness, but that which, in the presence of danger, is exalted to the sublimity of heroism.

I have said he was ambitious, but there was never ambition with less of the taint and dross of selfishness. He was incapable of a mean and unmanly envy, and was ever quick to perceive and ready to acknowledge the merit of a rival, and would stifle his own desires, and postpone his own aggrandizement, for the advancement of a friend. Nobly generous, he could and did make sacrifices of both pecuniary and political advantages to his friendships, which, with him, were real, sincere, and lasting. He never sought to drag others down from moral or social, professional or political eminence, that he might rise upon the ruin; nor regarded the good fortune of another, in whatever vocation or department of life, as a wrong done him, or as any impediment to his own prosperity. Brave and self-reliant, but neither rash nor presumptuous, he could avenge or forgive an injury with a grace and promptitude which did equal honor to his boldness of spirit and kindness of heart. Under insult or indignity he was fierce and defiant, and could teach an enemy alike to fear and respect him, and, in the collisions of life's battle, may have given something of the impression of harshness of temper; but in the domestic circle, amid the social throng, and under friendship's genial and enchanting influences, he was as gentle and confiding in his affections as a woman, and as tender and trustful as a child.

Senator BAKER was not only a lawyer, an orator, a statesman, and a soldier, but he was also a poet, and at all times, when deeply in earnest, both spoke and acted under high poetic inspiration. At one time, when I traveled upon the same circuit with him and others who have since been renowned in the history of Illinois, it

was no uncommon thing, after the labors of the day in court were ended, and forensic battles had been lost and won, for the lawyers to forget the asperities which had been engendered by the conflicts of the bar in the innocent if not profitable pastime of writing verses for the amusement of each other and their friends; and I well remember with what greater facility than others he could dash from his pen effusions sparkling all over with poetic gems; and if all that he has thus written could be collected together, it would make no mean addition to the poetic literature of our country. Its beauty, grace, and vivacity would certainly redeem it from oblivion.

Yet he did not aspire to the character of a poet, but wrought the poetic vein only for the present amusement of himself and intimate friends; and I am not aware that any of the productions of which I speak ever passed beyond that limited circle. They were not perpetuated by "the art preservative of all other arts."

The same thing is true of his forensic efforts, many of which were distinguished by a brilliancy, power, and eloquence, and a classic grace and purity, that would have done honor to the most renowned barrister, but which live now only in the traditions of the country. Stenography was at that day an unknown art in Illinois, and writing out a speech would have been a prodigality of time and labor of which an Illinois lawyer was probably never guilty.

To Senators who were his contemporaries here, and who have heard the melody of his voice—who have witnessed his powerful and impassioned bursts of eloquence, and felt the witchery of the spell that he has

thrown upon them—it were vain for me to speak of his displays in this Chamber. It is no disparagement to his survivors to say that he stood the peer of any gentleman on this floor in all that constitutes the able and skilful debater, and the classical, persuasive, and enchanting orator.

But his clear and manly voice shall be heard in these halls no more. Never again shall these crowded galleries hang breathless on his words; never again the thronging multitudes who gathered where'er he spoke be thrilled by the magic of his eloquence. The voice that could soothe to delicious repose, or rouse to a tempest of passion, is now hushed forever. The heart once so fiery brave lies pulseless in the tomb, and all that is left to his country or his home, is the memory of what he was.

I will not attempt, Mr. President, to speak poor, cold words of sympathy and consolation to the stricken hearts of his family. I know, sir, how bitter and immedicable their anguish is. I know, sir, how it rends the heart-strings, all willing though we be, to lay our loved ones as sacrifices even on our country's altar. The death-dealing hand of war has invaded my own household and slain its victim there, and I know that words bring no healing to the grief which follows these bereavements. The heart turns despairingly away from "honor's voice," which provokes not the silent dust, and from the flatteries which cannot

"Soothe the dull, cold ear of death;"
and the spirits ebb, and

"Life's enchanting scenes their lustre lose,
And lessen in our sight."

Time alone can bring healing on its wing;

“Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer where the heart hath bled,”

can alone mitigate, chasten, and sanctify the crushing sorrow. And not till after Time has done its gentle work, and stilled the tempest of feeling, can the sorrowing hearts around his now desolate hearthstone find consolation in remembering how worthily he lived, and how gloriously he died; that he is “fortune’s now, and fame’s;” and that when peace, on downy pinion, comes again to bless our troubled land, and all hearts have renewed their allegiance to the beneficent government for which he died, history will claim him as its own, and canonize him in the hearts of his countrymen as a heroic martyr in the great cause of human rights, and chronicle his deeds on pages illuminated with the gratitude of freemen, and as imperishable as the love of liberty.

Address of Mr. Cowan, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Pennsylvania also droops her head among the States that mourn on this occasion. She, too, sheds her tears and utters her wail of lamentation over the fall of the senator and soldier. She was his foster-mother. A national orphan, in his infancy and youth she was his guardian for nurture. Perhaps he had no recollection of any other country he could call his “native land” but Pennsylvania, and she loved him

as though he had been actually to her “manor born.” He died under her regimental flag, bearing her commission, and leading her soldiers in the deadly strife. She therefore laments his heroic and untimely death with a grief that yields to that of none else in its depth and intensity. Let Oregon, his last and fondest love, steep herself in sorrow as she may, Pennsylvania still claims an equal place at her side in this national manifestation of distress at his loss. She can hardly now realize that in his life he was not all her own, since he died so near her, and was carried from the battle-field borne upon her shield.

It is not my purpose either to speak of the virtues and accomplishments which adorned the private life of Colonel BAKER, or to enter into the detail of his public services to the country: all that has been done by his old and cherished friends, as they only could do it; and the tribute to his worth they have offered here to-day is in itself a noble monument to his memory.

It was not my fortune to have known him personally for a long time; and I shall endeavor only to give the impression he made upon me, and I think also upon the public, by his well-known career in such widely different situations.

This man had a remarkable life, and his history is strikingly illustrative of that of his race. He was evidently of pure English blood—at home anywhere on the globe, with a strong desire to be dominant wherever he was. To such a one the American continent, with its restless population, furnished the theatre exactly suited to his tastes and abilities; and had not that population been here, he would have brought them if he could.

They were an emigrating and colonizing people, and he was a man eminently of that sort; so that wherever they went he was sure to be in the van to lead them. He would have lived all over the world had it been possible, and he would have carried with him his civilization and favorite institutions.

Born in London, his first voyage was across the Atlantic in his earliest infancy. During his youth his home was in Philadelphia; his next move was away across the Alleghanies, and his young manhood was passed upon the great western prairies; but, not content, he departs from thence, and in riper age—in his prime—he was beyond the great deserts and the Rocky Mountains dwelling on the shores of the Pacific. He had leaped the continent.

Nor did he wander always along isothermal lines, but with the boldest of his race, he extended his range from the great lakes of North America to the Caribbean sea. He had tried causes nearly as far north as Chicago, and he had helped to build a railroad across the Isthmus of Darien. He had raised regiments in Illinois, and led them to battle in the gorges and on the high plateaux of the Mexican Cordilleras. No climatic differences seemed to deter him, and he trod the torrid with the same fearless freedom he did the temperate zone. No matter to him where his tent was pitched—whether on the cool and salubrious banks of the Upper Mississippi, or on the stifling and pestilential banks of the Chagres—it was all one. He had settled on the plain of Tacubaya, beside the failing sea of Anahuac, nearly as soon as beside the snow-clad mountains which overhang the Columbia river. All these seduced him by the very

novelty of their dangers. Had he lived in olden times, he had been a viking—a sea-rover—and had come down with Hengist and Horsa, skilled in the Sagas, and knowing the Runes by heart; or he might, perhaps, have come over with Leif, the son of Eric the Red; because anything that was noble, dangerous, and difficult had such charms for him that he sought it as naturally as he would have sought food when he was hungry. This was his Saxo-Norman nature, and to gratify its cravings he would have been delighted to have gone to the Holy Land with the Crusaders, or to have led a company of free lancers in the wars of Italy.

He was also a man of intellect—cool, clear, sharp, and ready. His culture was large, without being bookish; he was learned, without being a scholar; and studious, without being a student. He acquired that which he thought useful to him, and he had it all at his fingers' ends; and his first glance was so keen that it served him as well as an hour's gaze—perhaps better. It cannot be doubted that he was a great criminal lawyer—great by force of his reason rather than by the illumination of the books—and no jury could well withstand his eloquence. He was a true orator, because he confined himself to his subject; and expressing himself with such ease that all understood him, he was effective. He did not seem to trouble himself so much as to whether he was following a classic model as whether he was getting everybody to believe just as he did. He never went out of his way for effect; therefore, he produced effects. Drawing the sentiments he uttered as they welled up fresh from his soul, the pitchers of his audience were all filled, and they went away satisfied. He had

no art, because he had the highest art—that of simplicity. All those who heard him thought he was saying just what they would have said could they have stolen his wondrous power of speech.

At the hustings he must have been unrivaled; and it is no wonder he was the idol of the people wherever he went. A man with such human sympathies, and such rare gifts, could not fail to find some response in every heart. He had a fine personal appearance, and his manners were self-possessed and easy as actual contact with all ranks of men could make them. He was also a brave man, physically and morally; and although it is said that, before his last terrific battle, he had heard the weird song of the fatal sisters, and felt that his doom impatiently awaited him, yet he bore himself as gallantly in the fight as if on parade; and true to his instincts as a soldier and gentleman, his last moment on the earth was loaded with the double duty of directing the battle and giving cheer and condolence to the officers and soldiers who were maimed and bleeding about him. Still Heaven was kind—he was saved all lingering torture, for his life went out through a dozen wounds, any one of which had been mortal.

He is gone! whether the victim of man's folly, or of inexorable fate, is for future inquiry; and it is hoped that the tears of his countrymen, shed over his grave in sorrow, may not become hot with indignation against any wrongly accused with causing the disaster. He is gone! and his name and character henceforth belong to history. His children will glory in both, and be known to men because of him—the proudest legacy he could leave them. His country, too, will honor his memory;

and when the roll of her dead heroes is called, his name will resound through the American Valhalla among the proudest and most heroic.

Address of MR. DIXON, of Connecticut.

MR. PRESIDENT: When death, in any of its ordinary forms, enters this Chamber, and terminates the labors, the responsibilities, and the anxieties of the position here occupied, the occasion is necessarily one of the highest interest to us as members of this body, and scarcely less so to the entire nation. How much of added interest is imparted by the peculiar circumstances that surround the sad event which we are this day called to deplore! A senator, in the prime and glory of manhood, enjoying the homage so lavishly and cheerfully paid by mankind to genius; endowed with an eloquence truly wonderful in its scope, its fullness, and its resistless power; and adding to this full measure of political honor that still more brilliant and more coveted object of ambition in noble minds—military glory—is suddenly arrested in his distinguished career. The voice to which men thronged to listen with such eager attention is silent. The flow of that torrent of ideas, expressed in that boundless copiousness of language, and illustrated by that exhaustless exuberance of fancy which has often excited our wonder not less than our admiration, has ceased forever with the life which our departed friend offered on the field of battle, as his willing sacrifice in the cause of his country. A life like his—so honored, so occupied, so rewarded by all that men most desire on

earth, and so closed, in such a cause as that which his martyr-blood has doubly consecrated—surely is worthy not only of interrupting the daily offices of the Senate and of the Executive, but of arresting the attention and exciting the profound sorrow of a mourning nation.

The peculiar circumstances of the death of Colonel BAKER have been already related. After he assumed a command in the army of the Potomac, although not unaccustomed to military life, there was, as many of his friends perceived, an unwonted sadness in his expression, always serious and contemplative. He had looked upon civil war as an event certain to happen, unless averted by some extraordinary means of negotiation. He had declared himself willing to sacrifice somewhat of his own not extreme views, to avert the impending calamity, which he so clearly foresaw. But when the last hope of a peaceful solution of our troubles, had been destroyed by the flagrant acts of rebels in arms against the government, he was not satisfied with merely giving his vote as a senator, and his voice as an orator to the cause of the Constitution. His sense of duty demanded of him more than this. Yet, as I have already intimated, there was perceived a more than usually saddened expression in his eye, and an almost tender melancholy in the tones of his voice, which might have satisfied any observer that no selfish motive, no vulgar ambition, had prompted him in the sacrifice he was making. I was not therefore surprised when, in the last conversation I had with him, I discovered with how deep a spirit of patriotic devotion he had entered the military service.

The death which has so gloriously ended his earthly labors was not unexpected; and in recalling his words

on the occasion to which I allude, I can hardly suppose it was undesired. He felt and deplored, more deeply perhaps than most of us, the condition of the country; and there was also, possibly, a presentiment in his highly imaginative mind of his approaching end. If so, there was no dread, no shrinking from any post of duty, however perilous. But I well remember how—here, near the spot where I now stand, in language more emphatic and more expressive than any I can now recall or command—he disavowed having been actuated by any desire for military glory, in taking up arms for the defence of the Constitution and the Union. It was the voice of duty, and this alone, which called him to the field; and, in obeying that call, he felt that he was offering his life. I think, too, there was that in his bold and adventurous spirit, that gave a mysterious charm to any duty accompanied by danger. Indeed, his nature seemed scarcely capable of quiet and repose. There was a restlessness, an impatience in his constitution, which would not suffer him to be an unparticipating spectator in any great conflict, much less in one that involved the existence of the nation. For him, therefore, to withhold his hand from the sword, in this great controversy, would have been an impossibility under any circumstances. Had he known what death he was to die, his course would have been the same; for he was evidently born of that blood and imbued with that spirit which makes men feel that it is

“Better to die beneath the shock,
Than moulder, piecemeal, on the rock.”

Although I became somewhat familiarly acquainted with Colonel BAKER nearly sixteen years ago, I know

little of his early mental habits, or of his course of discipline and study. Yet it was impossible to listen to his ordinary conversation, or to his elaborate efforts in the Senate, or, more especially, to those unsurpassed specimens of eloquence which, without a moment's preparation, he threw off, burning and sparkling, in the heat and glow of extemporaneous debate, yet profusely illustrated by allusions to all the varied fields of literature and science, without being assured that his intellect, naturally of a high order, had been cultivated, strengthened, and enlarged, by close and careful study, and enriched and adorned by an intimate acquaintance with the choicest literature of our language. As an orator, he was remarkable for an assured self-possession, which gave him, at all times and under all circumstances, the complete control of his mental powers. To this he added a command of the English language so full and complete, as perhaps to tempt him sometimes to indulge in an affluence of diction too ornate and copious to satisfy the strictest canons of criticism. Yet who that listened to him in popular assemblies,—who that heard or read his speeches in the Senate, or his occasional addresses—especially that memorable oration uttered on the shores of the Pacific, over the dead body of his friend, the brave, the still lamented Broderick, the surpassing eloquence of which seemed to resound, in sad, funereal tones, as far as the Atlantic coast,—could have been willing that one of those glowing, expressive, perhaps redundant words, had been omitted?

The brilliant talents of Senator BAKER—his unsurpassed powers as an orator, his self-poised reliance upon his own capacities, his courage and his patriotism—

would not have been sufficient in themselves, without the higher moral qualities which I think he possessed, to win for him that large share of the admiration of his countrymen which he enjoyed. He was, I have reason to believe, not only a great, but a good man. He acknowledged his accountability to his maker, and walked through life in the light of that law of God, which irradiates the path of every man who seeks to know and to perform his duty. Of the peculiar tenets of his religious faith, I am uninformed; but his life, judging from its outward manifestation here, was that of a Christian statesman. What glories illustrated its close a grateful country will not soon forget. It needed only to have been breathed out in the arms of victory to have been the end which he would have chosen. But though that might have added to the joy with which he welcomed death, nothing in his end was wanting to its glory. What nobler epitaph could he have desired—what nobler epitaph could any of those patriots desire who now, in unnumbered hosts, emulous of his fame, are ready to share his fate on the field of battle—than this: **HE DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY!**

Address of Mr. SUMNER, of Massachusetts.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Senator to whom we to-day say farewell was generous in funeral homage to others. More than once he held great companies in rapt attention while he did honor to the dead. Over the coffin of Broderick he proclaimed the dying utterance of this early victim, and gave to it the fiery wings of his own

eloquence: "They have killed me, because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration;" and as the impassioned orator repeated these words, his own soul was knit in sympathy with the dead; and thus, at once, did he endear himself to the friends of freedom, even at a distance.

"Who would not sing for Lyeidas? He knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

There are two forms of eminent talent which are kindred in their effects—each producing an instant present impression, each holding crowds in suspense, and each kindling enthusiastic admiration. I mean the talent of the orator and the talent of the soldier. Each of these, when successful, wins immediate honor, and reads his praise in a nation's eyes. BAKER was orator and soldier. To him belongs the rare renown of this double character. Perhaps he carried into war something of the confidence inspired by the conscious sway of great multitudes, as he surely brought into speech something of the ardor of war. Call him, if you will, the Prince Rupert of battle; he was also the Prince Rupert of debate.

His success in life attests not only his own remarkable genius, but the benign hospitality of our institutions. Born on a foreign soil, he was to our country only a step-son; but were he now alive, I doubt not he would gratefully declare that the country was never to him an ungentle step-mother. The child of poverty, he was brought, while yet in tender years, to Philadelphia, where he began life an exile. His earliest days were passed in the loom rather than at school; and yet, from this lowness, he achieved the highest posts of trust

and honor—being at the same time senator and general. It was the boast of Pericles, in his funeral oration at the Ceramicus over the dead who had fallen in battle, that the Athenians were ready to communicate all the advantages which they enjoyed; that they did not exclude the stranger from their walls; and that Athens was a city open to the human family. The same boast may be proudly repeated by us with better reason, as we commemorate our dead fallen in battle.

From Philadelphia the poor man's son was carried to the West, where he grew with the growth of that surprising region. He became one of its children; and his own manhood was closely associated with its powerful progress. The honors of the bar and of Congress soon were his; but his impatient temper led him from these paths into the Mexican war, where he gallantly took the place of Shields—torn with wounds and almost dead—at Cerro Gordo. But the great West, beginning to teem with population, did not satisfy his ambition, and he repaired to California. The child whose infancy was rocked on the waves of the Atlantic—whose manhood was formed in the broad and open expanse of the prairie—now sought a home on the shores of the Pacific, saying, in the buoyant confidence of his nature,

“No pent up Utica contracts our powers;
But the whole boundless continent is ours.”

There again his genius was promptly recognised. A new State, which had just taken its place in the Union, sent him as Senator; and Oregon first became truly known to us on this floor by his eloquent lips.

In the Senate he at once took the place of orator. His voice was not full or sonorous, but it was sharp

and clear. It was penetrating, rather than commanding: and yet, when touched by his ardent nature, it became sympathetic, and even musical. His countenance, body, and gesture, all shared the unconscious inspiration of his voice, and he went on, master of his audience—master also of himself. All his faculties were completely at command. Ideas, illustrations, words, seemed to come unbidden, and to range themselves in harmonious forms, as in the walls of ancient Thebes each stone took its proper place of its own accord, moved only by the music of a lyre. His fame as a speaker was so peculiar, even before he appeared among us, that it was sometimes supposed he might lack those solid powers, without which the oratorical faculty itself can exercise only a transient influence. But his speech on this floor in reply to a slaveholding conspirator, now an open rebel, showed that his matter was as good as his manner, and that, while he was a master of fence, he was also a master of ordnance. His controversy was graceful, sharp, and flashing, like a cimeter; but his argument was powerful and sweeping, like a battery.

You have not forgotten that speech. Perhaps the argument against the sophism of secession was never better arranged and combined, or more simply popularized for the general apprehension. A generation had passed since that traitorous absurdity—the fit cover of conspiracy—had been exposed. It had shrunk for awhile into darkness, driven back by the massive logic of Daniel Webster and the honest sense of Andrew Jackson.

“The times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again.”

As the pretension showed itself anew, our orator undertook again to expose it. How thoroughly he did this, now with historic, and now with forensic skill, while his whole effort was elevated by a charming, ever-ready eloquence, which itself was aroused to new power by the interruptions which he encountered—all this is present to your minds. That speech passed at once into the permanent literature of the country, while it gave to its author an assured position in this body.

Another speech showed him in a different character. It was his instant reply to the Kentucky Senator, not then expelled from this body. The occasion was peculiar. A Senator, with treason in his heart, if not on his lips, had just taken his seat. Our lamented Senator, who had entered the Chamber direct from his camp, rose at once to reply. He began simply and calmly; but as he proceeded his fervid soul broke forth in words of surpassing power. As on the former occasion he had presented the well-ripened fruits of study, so now he spoke with the spontaneous utterance of his own natural and exuberant eloquence, meeting the polished traitor at every point with weapons keener and brighter than his own.

Not content with the brilliant opportunities of this Chamber, he accepted a commission in the army, and vaulted from the Senate to the saddle, as he had already vaulted from Illinois to California. With a zeal that never tired, after recruiting men, drawn by the attraction of his name, in New York and Philadelphia, and elsewhere, he held his brigade in camp near the Capitol, so that he passed easily from one to the other, and

thus alternated between the duties of a senator and a general.

His latter career was short, though shining. At a disastrous encounter near Ball's Bluff he fell, piercèd by nine balls. That brain which had been the seat and organ of such subtle power, swaying assemblies, and giving to this child of obscurity place and command among his fellow-men, was now rudely shattered; and that bosom which had throbbed so bravely was rent by numerous wounds. He died with his face to the foe; and he died so instantly, that he passed without pain from the service of his country to the service of his God—while with him passed more than one gallant youth, the hope of family and friends, sent forth by my own honored Commonwealth. It is sweet and becoming to die for one's country. Such a death—sudden, but not unprepared for—is the crown of the patriot soldier's life.

But the question is painfully asked, who was the author of this tragedy, now filling the Senate Chamber, as it has already filled the country, with mourning? There is a strong desire to hold somebody responsible, where so many perished so unprofitably. But we need not appoint committees or study testimony in order to know precisely who took this precious life. That great criminal is easily detected—still erect and defiant, without concealment or disguise. The guns, the balls, and the men that fired them, are of little importance. It is the Power behind them all, saying, "The State, it is I," which took this precious life; and this Power is Slavery. The nine balls which slew our departed brother came from Slavery. Every gaping wound of his slashed

bosom testifies against Slavery. Every drop of his generous blood cries out from the ground against Slavery. The brain so rudely shattered, and the tongue so suddenly silenced in death, speak now with more than living eloquence against Slavery. To hold others responsible, is to hold the dwarf agent and to dismiss the giant principal. Nor shall we do great service if we merely criticise some local blunder, while we leave untouched that fatal forbearance through which the weakness of the rebellion is changed into strength, and the strength of our armies is changed into weakness.

Let not our grief to-day be a hollow pageant; let it not expend itself in this funeral pomp. It must become a motive and an impulse to patriot action. But patriotism itself—that commanding charity, embracing so many other charities—is only a name, and nothing else, unless you resolve—calmly, plainly, solemnly—that Slavery,—the barbarous enemy of our country; the irreconcileable foe of our Union; the violator of our Constitution; the disturber of our peace; the vampire of our national life, sucking its best blood; the assassin of our children, and the murderer of our dead senator,—shall be struck down. And the way is easy. The just Avenger is at hand, with weapon of celestial temper. Let it be drawn. Until this is done, the patriot, discerning clearly the secret of our weakness, can only say, sorrowfully—

—— “bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee!”

Address of Mr. LATHAM, of California.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Several years ago, in my own home, one of the most brilliant tributes to the talented dead I ever heard, fell from the lips of him whose memory we to-day unite to honor. After a feeling review of the eloquence and genial nature of the gifted Ferguson, Colonel BAKER suddenly paused, and, with a sadness of tone that was a fitting echo to the thought, exclaimed, "Who will thus speak of me when I am dead?" The desire then expressed, but no doubt soon forgotten, is more than fulfilled in the just tribute we must all pay to the gallant BAKER.

Mr. President, during the lifetime of the deceased, although not classified among his warmest friends, yet our relations were of the most amicable and cordial nature. Always opposed in political opinion, through several strifeful years, the pleasant recollection yet remains of not one unkind word or act to blight the respect felt for him while living, and my sincere sorrow at his death. I never knew a man of more kindness of disposition, more willing to make allowance for the shortcomings common to all, or more ready in praise, when deserved. Seemingly conscious of his power, he never deemed it necessary for his own advancement to disparage true talent and personal worth in others. An entire absence of vindictive malice, the quick forgetfulness of even an injury or wrong inflicted, quiet composure amid trying scenes of an eventful life, all bespeak those gentle qualities which made him a fond father, a good husband, and a devoted friend.

It is not my purpose to analyze Colonel BAKER's character. Others, who enjoyed more of his confidence, can speak more accurately. If one quality marked him in public life more than any other, and impressed his whole career, it was his singleness of purpose. His early struggles in life, his self-taught mind, his school of adversity, his ardent and poetical temperament, all infused into his very soul the most powerful and sincere love of individual emulation and freedom, in the broadest acceptation of that term. He has left upon record as glowing sentiments as ever fell from the lips of man in that great cause. Upon this subject, on every occasion—at the bar, on the hustings, and in the Senate—wherever his mind seized upon it, it became not “eloquence,” it was fiery inspiration. Views upon the rights of human liberty and the dignity of free labor, were with him no “mawkish sentimentality;” they controlled and influenced his whole life from boyhood to the grave. Hence it was that when this unprecedented rebellion raised its front against our just and free government, Senator BAKER, by his life and the occupation of each moment, was willing to prove the sincerity of his words. But two weeks prior to his death, he remarked to me, as he had to others: “I shall never come out this struggle alive. The presentment of death is upon me.” Even then the dark wings of the coming messenger were over him, and he walked courageously forward beneath their sad shadow—

“As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.”

Endeavoring to persuade him that he should not give way to gloomy forebodings, well calculated to destroy his peace of mind and usefulness in his duties, I shall never forget, Senators, the sad but earnest manner in which he replied: "I am charged with having much to do by my speech in bringing these troubles upon our country. I only hope to have more to do by my acts in ending them."

"Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind,
Though single."

The most brilliant mental efforts of his life are not upon record. The sudden bursts of his often matchless eloquence have passed away with the time and occasion of their utterance. Those preserved of his addresses on different occasions are cold and formal, compared with others uttered without premeditation, when under the inspiration of the moment his mind glowed with the fire of genius and strength. His ease and grace of delivery, his felicity of expression, his wonderful flow of harmonious language, the musical intonations of his voice, can never be forgotten by those who have heard him in many of his happy efforts. His eulogies upon Senator Broderick and Mr. Ferguson, a State senator of California, are specimens of the highest oratorical pathos; while his oration in San Francisco upon celebrating the laying of the Atlantic cable, contains passages of the greatest sublimity and beauty. In my judgment, his impromptu reply to Senator Breckinridge, during our session in July,

was his ablest in the Senate. But the genial nature, the eloquent tongue, the mind which reveled in its own exuberant creations, now sleeps in those cerements which at last embrace with their chill folds all the children of men.

Mr. President, let us not mourn the death of our companion. With my estimate of his character, it was a noble conclusion to an almost romantic history. As we are told

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave,”
why regret the certain end, when the feet of the noble dead have trod all the flowery ways of enthusiasm, eloquence, and patriotism? Colonel BAKER was ambitious, he died a Senator; he was eloquent—he held a Senate captive and heard the plaudits of an admiring people; he was patriotic—he could do no more than sacrifice his life upon the altar of his country amid the shock of battle, and leading the van. The measure of human aims with him was complete. Half a century of winters had scattered their snows upon his head—public judgment had awarded him a place among the most eloquent, and thus honored and beloved he has filled his destiny.

Our people on the far off Pacific will gather around his bier and by silent tears testify not his but their own loss and affliction.

The restless waves of a great ocean will moan for ages to come beside his grave, and his honored ashes lie in the peaceful shadow of the Lone Mountain, that natural monument for the loved and lost of our new empire.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously, and the Senate adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1862.

DEATH OF SENATOR BAKER.

A MESSAGE from the Senate, by Mr. HICKEY, its chief clerk, communicated to the House resolutions passed by the Senate on the occasion of the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

The message from the Senate was read, as follows:

IN SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

December 11, 1861.

Resolved, unanimously, That the members of the Senate, from a sincere desire of showing every mark of respect due to the memory of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, deceased, late a Senator from the State of Oregon, will go into mourning by wearing erape on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, unanimously, That, as an additional mark of respect for the memory of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, the Senate do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Address of Mr. SHEIL, of Oregon.

If the message just read has not startled us from our usual decorum by announcing an unexpected calamity, its effect is not the less painful, since it awakens memories of a rooted sorrow.

Colonel E. D. BAKER is dead. He fell at the head of his column, while bravely, gallantly engaging the enemy at Ball's Bluff, in the State of Virginia, on the 21st of last October. His fellow officers and men bear honorable and gratifying testimony of his daring courage in that his first engagement during the present war. Such courage as he there displayed has commanded the universal admiration of all times; and so ennobling is this enthusiasm for the truly brave, that we can confess to be hero worshippers without being guilty of idolatry.

In the personal history of the deceased, there is a lesson well calculated to inspire hope and stimulate ambition for worthy purposes in the youth of our coming generations. No pampered ease or "castle of indolence" was his by virtue of his birthright. The solemn but merciful decree passed upon "man's first disobedience"—that *in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*—promised him no royal road to this world's honors. Yet there was no sinking of the heart, no relaxing of the muscles, nor paling of the cheek, when he went forth as a volunteer to the great and most merciless of all battle-fields—the world. Years rolled on, and manhood found him still in the *field*, but without promotion.

At this period his mind must have been improved by refining and elevating studies, or some new impulse must have awakened an ambition that at no time previous seemed to have engaged his thoughts or influenced his actions; for thenceforth he evidently determined to seek glory by the mind, rather than by bodily strength. His repeated triumphs, and the many honors fairly won in his new field of labor, fully justified him in his high resolve.

A youth when landing upon our shores, without friends, fortune, or even what is considered an education, before he reached the meridian of life he was honored with the credentials of a Senator in the Senate of the United States by the legislature of the State of Oregon—the highest honor that a sovereign State of this Union can confer upon her citizens.

Those of us who have been so fortunate as to have heard Colonel BAKER in his forensic efforts before the people, or on the floor of this House or of the Senate, cannot easily let slip the silver thread of memory that renews our pleasures by reviving such delightful reminiscences. True, he had not the statesmanlike gravity and ponderous utterance of a Webster, nor the oratorical elegance of a Clay, nor the stern and unanswerable logic of a Calhoun; but he had a mind stored with the richest treasures of English literature; a fluency as inexhaustible as a well of living waters; a vivid imagination, though never violating the rules of correct taste; a memory that had complete control over the storehouse of his knowledge; and a delivery apparently unstudied, and yet so graceful, that gave to his eloquence a power which, if it did not always convince, it was always certain to please.

On the successful completion, as it was believed for a short time, of the submarine telegraph between the United States and Great Britain, our citizens, from one end of the land to the other, manifested their delight by speeches, processions, and other public demonstrations, for what they regarded as the greatest achievement of modern science. The citizens of San Francisco celebrated the event with becoming ceremony. They selected Colonel BAKER as orator for the occasion; and fully did his peerless effort justify their choice. He saw not "as in a glass, darkly," but by the clear light of intelligent calculation, that while one end of *the line* might be in London, the other must ultimately be on the shores of the Pacific. And thus the ties of home, and kindred, and friends, and the bonds of interest were no longer to be loosened by time, nor weakened by distance. To the citizens of that Ultima Thule of the Republic such a picture of such a future, though drawn by an inferior hand, would appeal with thrilling effect. But while the original enterprise failed—an enterprise so grand in its conception, so beneficent in its anticipated results—its extension across the continent is a successfully established fact. Yet while we rejoice in this noble proof of American enterprise, the melancholy reflection will be ever associated with these incidents, that among the first telegrams sent over this same line to the Pacific, there was one that announced the death in battle of the gifted orator.

The remarks which I have just made have been necessarily very brief. My limited acquaintance with Colonel BAKER, owing to the shortness of his residence in Oregon, as well as a wide divergence in our political

views and faith, prevent me from detailing more particularly the traits of his character, as also the distinguished achievements of his military prowess. Aware that there are others who will fully and more ably supply my deficiency, I feel less apprehension than I otherwise should.

As the representative of the State of Oregon, duty, consecrated by an impulse that finds a home in every generous heart, demands this offering to the memory of the deceased.

But, sir, there is something more than a sense of duty that prompts me to take part in this solemn ceremony. I would do injustice to my feelings if I refused, on such an occasion as the present, to pay my humble tribute to the memory of a gallant officer and an eloquent Senator.

I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the United States has received with the deepest sensibility the intelligence of the death of Hon. E. D. BAKER.

Resolved, That the members and officers of the House of Representatives will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, as a testimony of the profound respect that the House entertains for the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this House in relation to the death of Hon. E. D. BAKER be communicated to the family of the deceased by the Clerk.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

Address of MR. PHELPS, of California.

Mr. SPEAKER: In sorrowfulness of spirit, such as I have seldom felt, I rise to second the resolutions proposed by the honorable member from Oregon.

As a friend and admirer of the deceased Senator, and as a representative of California, I should be doing injustice alike to my own feelings and to the feelings of those who have honored me with a seat upon this floor, did I allow the opportunity to pass without adding my tribute, however humble, to his memory and worth.

This, Mr. Speaker, is a time in our history that tries the materials of which men are made. It may have been difficult heretofore, but now the chaff is easily separated from the wheat—the base metal from the gold. Perhaps no higher eulogy could be passed upon the lamented Senator than to say, no man who knew EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER ever doubted his loyalty and devotion to the Federal Government. When this rebellion burst upon the country, enveloping it in darkness black as night,—when no friendly star penetrated the gloom—when a large portion of our people had forgotten the struggles and teachings of our fathers, and the beauties and blessings of our liberal institutions, and had allowed their hearts to become alienated from the Government, until they found themselves arrayed in arms against and endeavoring to overthrow it, and a greater number still were apathetic—when the very pillars were crumbling, and the foundation stones were settling away, threatening a total destruction of the whole structure,—it was not doubted where Colonel BAKER would be found. All

knew that his eloquent voice would be heard defending the Constitution and Government; that he would speak such words of encouragement and hope as would energize the timid and the weak, and that his arm would be reached out to protect and to defend.

Oh! that all of his associates in the Senate had been like him! Then the earth would not have been convulsed by the mighty throes of this great Republic; then the nation would not have bled from every pore, as she now bleeds. He was always ready to defend the honor of the Government, whether upon the stump, in the National Councils, or in the tented field. His great heart was so wedded to it that it had not a pulsation but what was devotional, and could not, by any possibility, have been swerved from its loyalty. Like the old cannon at Sumter, which, though it had been used perhaps a hundred times to thunder forth salvos in honor of the stars and stripes when proudly and defiantly unfurled to the breeze, yet when used to salute it on being hauled down, after capitulation to a treasonable foe, burst into fragments; so would the heart of Colonel BAKER, ere it could have been turned from its allegiance to a government that had so long received its warmest pulsations and truest devotion.

It was a matter of congratulation with all loyal men in California—and, thank Heaven! the great mass of the people there are as loyal, and true, as any who breathe the inspiring air of liberty—that the country had Colonel BAKER in its chief council, in the place of one who had forgotten alike his duty to his government, and the binding force of his oath of office to support the Constitution. California never regarded him as

belonging particularly to Oregon, but as well to herself, and the whole country. Besides, as he was long a citizen there, she claims, by having given him prominence, no small share of the credit of his having been placed in the Senate.

It should be remarked that this loyal defender of the Government, to whom so many thousands looked for counsel and direction when that Government was attacked by this giant rebellion, this bold and daring warrior chieftain, whose fiery words of stirring eloquence, assisted so much in fanning into a flame the slumbering embers of patriotism in the bosoms of our people, was not a native of the country. Yet how many of our citizens, who are natives of the soil, and inherit the blood of revolutionary sires, might learn a lesson of duty and patriotism from him. The loyalty of BAKER, Sigel, Corcoran, and their brave countrymen, demonstrates the wisdom of our fathers in inviting them to our shores, and extending to them all the benefits of our republican institutions. They had struggled for years through difficulties that would have appalled a less brave and indomitable people, to gain the independence of the country, and which, being established, they magnanimously tendered to the oppressed of every land a home, and full participation in, and enjoyment of, its liberal provisions. In doing this, our fathers truly cast their bread upon the waters, which, after many days, has returned to aid us with the assistance of this class of our fellow-citizens, who are to-day gallantly bearing arms in defense of the government, and among the leaders of whom BAKER, Sigel, and Corcoran have been prominent.

It is no wonder that the leaders of the traitors, whose

headquarters are at Richmond, should desire to limit the right of the elective franchise, and to change our naturalization laws, as our foreign-born citizens furnish the poorest material out of which to manufacture traitors, for the reason that many of them have tasted of tyranny in the Old World, and have no longing for it here. General BAKER was born in the city of London, in the year 1811. In 1815 his father, Edward Baker, removed with his family to this country, settling in the city of Philadelphia, where they resided for about ten years. In 1825 he removed his family to Illinois, where the early manhood of EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER was spent, and where his remarkable mind ripened into full power and elegance. Young BAKER studied law in the office of Judge Caverly, at Carrollton, at which place he married a lady of high character and position, who still survives him. In 1835 he removed to Springfield, Illinois. In 1837 he was elected to the legislature of that State, and re-elected soon thereafter. He served from 1840 to 1844 in the State Senate. In 1844 he was elected to a seat in this branch of the National Legislature, serving with distinction until the breaking out of the difficulties with Mexico, when he proceeded to Springfield, and raised a regiment of young men, who were immediately accepted by the Government, and embarked for the war.

On arriving at Matamoros, irregularities were discovered that demanded immediate attention, and Colonel BAKER came to Washington as bearer of dispatches. When he arrived here Congress was in session, and availing himself of his right to a seat, he pleaded the cause of the volunteers, then in the field, in a speech of

great force and power. His mission to Washington accomplished, he resigned his seat in the House, and returned to his regiment in time to share in the siege of Vera Cruz, and served with distinction during the remainder of the war. After its close, he was again elected to a seat in this House, and served his term with great industry and success. His eulogy, pronounced during that term, upon the death of President Taylor, is one of the gems that ornament the proceedings of Congress. In 1852 he went to California, establishing himself in the city of San Francisco, where he practised his profession with success, notwithstanding he took strong grounds against certain popular movements, which would have destroyed the popularity of any other man. But Colonel BAKER could not be unpopular, as his eloquence always charmed, though it did not always convince the multitude.

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with him soon after his arrival in San Francisco. That acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and a friendly intercourse existed between us until his death.

On his advent into California, he found a political despotism reigning there, as corrupt, as it was intolerant, which had well-nigh crushed out the last relic of political freedom, and the last hope of freemen. This state of things was sufficient to enlist his earnest attention, and he finally yielded his determination to eschew politics altogether, to the clamors of those desiring reform in the city and State governments, who thought his popularity would secure his election, and his ability enable him to effect the desired reformation, and became a candidate for the State senate in 1855. I was among those selected on the legislative ticket with him; but

though a stirring canvass was made, we suffered a Waterloo defeat. This, however, instead of disheartening, only aroused his energies and fixed his determination. In 1856 he entered the field for Fremont, and, though there was no hope of carrying California, made a brilliant canvass of the State. During this campaign, it frequently happened that no person of his political sentiments could be found to introduce him to his audiences, when he would either introduce himself, or some person notoriously opposed to his principles, would volunteer to render him that service. But notwithstanding so few at this time agreed with him politically, so great was his reputation as an orator, he could always command larger audiences than perhaps any other man in the State; and though he suffered defeat after defeat, in successive campaigns, he never relaxed his energies, his hold upon the public mind, or his determination to see the complete triumph of freedom of speech in California. He knew that intolerance could not last always, and that reformation, justice, and freedom of speech and of the press, must finally prevail.

After struggling along from year to year until his object was nearly an accomplished fact, or at least until the dawn of a new era was faintly preceptible, he went in 1859 to Oregon, where he entered immediately the political arena, and after a brilliant campaign was elected to the Senate. From this period his acts are so intimately blended with the history of the country, and are so well understood, I need not advert to them. To his unyielding determination, coupled with his undying love for free institutions, his glowing eloquence and unanswerable logic, is California indebted, more than to

any other man, for the entire overthrow of the political despotism that so long held her in its traitorous grasp. And the whole country is also indebted to him in no small degree, that California is to-day in the Union by her own act and choice, and as true and loyal as any State over which the banner of freedom waves.

Years ago, when our present difficulties were only foreseen by the wise and cautious, and scarcely believed to be of probable occurrence by them, BAKER was engaged in moulding public sentiment, and inculcating something like a proper respect for the sacred right of freedom of speech upon all questions of public policy.

The oligarchy that ruled the State as with a rod of iron, claiming to represent it here and elsewhere, but who outraged every sentiment of the great mass of the people, and betrayed every trust confided to them, saw, doubtless, that he was dangerous to the existence of their power; but they could not reach him in any way. He gave them no cause of attack; cool, courteous, and affable, he would meet them with weapons they knew not how to use—logic, eloquence, and moral heroism. They were even forced to applaud his eloquence, which seemed to thrill and charm all who sat beneath it; but his clear logic they would seek to bury beneath their subtle sophistries, or dispel its force by mere denunciation.

Perhaps the most saddening event that befell Colonel BAKER in California was the death of his friend—the determined, true, loyal, gallant, lion-hearted Senator Broderick. They had just been through a campaign together, armed only with truth and justice; and followed by an undisciplined train of supporters, having had to meet an organization that had always held despotic sway, they

were, as might have been expected, unsuecessful. While their hearts were still sore at the want of success of their cherished principles, Broderick fell a victim to that code, unjust as it is cruel and barbarous, that, in some sections of the country, still disgraces alike humanity and the age in which we live. The whole State was sensibly affected by the death of one they had looked upon as a champion, as true to his principles as the needle to the north pole. Thousands, even among those who had always opposed him politically, as they gazed upon his inanimate form, paid the tribute of tears to the fallen hero. Colonel BAKER, by general consent, became the funeral orator, and in words of pathetic eloquence did justice to the memory of one so daring, so noble, and so true. But where will the orator be found in California, or here, who will be able to do justice to the memory of the self-sacrificing, patriotic, and gallant Colonel BAKER ?

As a noticeable incident, I may be permitted to remark, that some years ago, when it was supposed that a strong and durable cable had been laid through the Atlantic, that would thereafter pulsate with thought between the great hearts of the Old and Nev^r World, the people of the metropolis of the Pacific duly celebrated the event. Always enterprising and enthusiastic, the citizens turned out in vast numbers; and Colonel BAKER, being one who could always meet the expectations of the people, was chosen to deliver an address on the occasion, and acquitted himself with great credit. All those who had the pleasure of listening to him on that occasion pronounced his effort one of the most chaste and elegant discourses to which they had ever listened. Years of busy tumult had rolled their round, when certain energetic persons

determined upon the construction of a trans-continental telegraph line, that should unite the far-off shores of the Pacific with the Atlantic sea-board. In due time the great work was commenced, and the people watched its progress with much interest, until finally they were told that on the morrow it would be completed, and they brought within instant communication with their old homes; when, though separated by mountain chains, valleys, and wide-spreading deserts, husbands and fathers could converse, by the aid of the electric current, with wives and children, from whom they had been separated for years, as though they again surrounded the family hearth. That morrow came, and the citizens of San Francisco had prepared to celebrate that event, also, with fitting demonstrations of joy. The wires were at last joined together. Distance had been overcome. The stormy Atlantic and the peaceful Pacific, separated since the beginning of time, if not now united, were at least brought within speaking distance of each other. But all rejoicing was soon terminated. The first message that flashed from east to west over the wires announced the death of Colonel BAKER. Quick almost as the electric flash that conveyed the message there, did the current of sorrow run through the city. Joy faded from the faces of the multitude. The crowded streets were hushed into silence; and in place of loud rejoicing came the whispered accents of mourning. All who loved the Union and the old flag, felt that one of the most eloquent defenders of the former had fallen heroically defending the latter. All agreed a great man had passed away. Thousands mourned in him the loss of a true and generous friend. All mourned for the great orator whose

silvery voice they had so often heard as it stole out in harmonious cadences upon the evening air, on occasions well remembered, when his eloquence had seemed to lift them above the conflicting elements of the world into a sphere of poetry and thought which his genius had created. A great party mourned the loss of an intrepid leader, who had done so much to call it into existence in that State, and cause it to become the ruling power. They felt that, to use his own words, pronounced upon the death of the lamented Broderick, "as in life no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amidst our mountains and our valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart."

And there were others there whose sorrow could only be comforted by the hand of the Almighty Father who had called the gallant hero home. A loving, trusting wife was apprised by that despatch that she was thenceforth a widow, and daughters were informed that a kind and indulgent father had died "doing duty." I would not disturb the sublimity of their sorrow, or quietude of their woe; and yet, I would assure them that a grateful country will hold in sacred remembrance those who fall in defense of our great inheritance—the Constitution and the Union. To the sorrow-stricken widow and children I would say, weep not, grieve not; it is glorious to die in defense of one's country, in the performance of the highest earthly duty; and dying thus, to the patriot death is robbed of its sting.

Could I speak to-day to Washington and his compatriots, who struggled so long to establish this Government for us, and to BAKER, Lyon, and Ellsworth, and

their brave comrades who have fallen in its defense, I would acknowledge to the former that we have sinned deeply; that the Government which they established has taken to its bosom many vipers, who, after being warmed into strength and power, have stung it until every artery has flowed with a green, corrupting, and poisonous current; but I would assure them that it is recovering from it; and that we see cheering evidences that it will soon be restored to full health, strength, and vigor in all its parts, without undergoing the amputation of any member of its great body; and the latter I would assure, that the great cause for which they risked and sacrificed their lives is constantly progressing, and that the armed hosts marshaled in defense of the Constitution will onward, and onward, and onward move, until every armed foe is driven from the limits of the country, and every rebel footprint is obliterated from our soil. To accomplish this, let the loyal people emulate the self-abnegating example of the brave Colonel BAKER. Let our Army strike quick, and hard, and home upon the enemy, and treason will melt and flee away. Follow his example,

“And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

in every State and Territory, that has ever acknowledged its sway.

The remains of the late Senator have been removed for burial to my far-off home of the West, where the waves of the mild Pacific gently lave the golden sands from the Sierra's slopes.

“Good friend! true hero!” to your memory hail: to the kind face, the genial companion, the manly form, farewell!

Address of Mr. COLFAX, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: The funeral procession of the departed BAKER has passed through the crowded streets of our Atlantic cities. The steamer, perhaps to-day, is bearing its precious burden between the portals of the Golden Gate. The thousands who, with enthusiastic acclaim, cheered his departure as a Senator, stand, with bowed frames, and bared heads, and weeping eyes, to receive with honor, but with sorrow, the lifeless remains that are to be buried in their midst. And there devolves upon us, his former associates, brought by the telegraph almost to the side of his open grave, the duty of rendering also our tribute of affection to his memory.

To say that the deceased Senator was an extraordinary man, is simply to reiterate what the whole country long since conceded. He carved out his own niche in the temple of fame. He built his own pedestal in our American Valhalla. And if the French philosopher D'Alembert was correct in saying that there are but three ways of rising in the world—to soar, to crawl, and to climb—our friend's history is a striking exemplification of the last and worthiest of these ways. The hand-loom weaver boy of Philadelphia—the friendless lad, with his whole fortune in a meager bundle, turning his face westward—the patient journey, footsore and weary, over mountains and valleys—the deputy in the clerk's office at Carrollton, patiently mastering the principles of the law—his rapid rise in his profession—his election to Congress from the capital of Illinois—his volunteering in the Mexican war, and raising, equipping, and marching his regiment within fourteen days—his brilliant

charge at Cerro Gordo, when following up the victory which his impetuous and dashing heroism had mainly won, he pursued the enemy for miles with fearful slaughter—his removal, on his return, to another congressional district, which he carried by his wonderful eloquence against its previous political convictions—his removal to California—his thrilling oration over the murdered Broderick—his triumphant canvass in Oregon—his election to the Senate by a legislature, a large majority of which differed with him in their political associations—his brilliant and impromptu denunciations of traitors, whom, in the Senate Chamber, he prophetically hurled from the Tarpeian rock—his exchanging the robe of the Senator for the sword of the Soldier—his daring struggle to wrest victory, against overwhelming odds, from fate itself—and his death at the head of his column, literally with his back to the field and his face to the foe—what an eventful life, to be crowned by such a glorious death.

We know not but that death may have been as welcome to him as life, especially when he fell in such a sacred cause. Some long for death on the battle-field, knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, and that he who dies for his country is enshrined forever in thousands upon thousands of patriot hearts. Others who, if we could put a window in their breasts, we would find that they carried a burden of care or sorrow through life, feel that the shaft of death, when sped by its messenger, would have no pain for them. And with others, life is so joyous that the hour of their departure is one of gloom, and thick darkness encompasses the valley their feet must tread. But for our friend, who

had won his way to his highest ambition, and who fell, in the very zenith of his fame, in defense of the Constitution and the Union, charging at the head of advancing columns, careless of danger, of odds, or of death, leaving behind him a glory which shall survive long after his tombstone has molded into dust—we should rather weave for him a garland of joy than a chaplet of sorrow.

I know there was sadness in the family, which no earthly sympathy can assuage. I know there was sadness at the White House, where his early friends mourned their irreparable loss. I know there was sadness at the Capitol; sadness on the Atlantic coast; sadness in the valley of the Mississippi; sadness as one of the first messages flashed along the wire he had so earnestly longed to see stretched from ocean to ocean, bore to the Pacific the tidings of their great loss. There was sadness around the camp-fires of over a half-million gallant volunteers, who, like him, had offered their lives to their country in its hour of trial. So, too, if the legends of antiquity intend to commemorate some patriotic sacrifice of life by the story of Curtius leaping into an open gulf to save the Roman republic, was there sorrow doubtless at his fate. And sadness, too, when Leonidas, at the head of his feeble band, looked death calmly in the face, and gave up his narrow span of earthly life to live immortalized in history.

But, though there may be sadness such as this, let us also rejoice that our friend has left behind him such a record and such a fame, heightened by his magical eloquence, and hallowed forever by his fervid patriotism. For, doubly crowned, as Statesman and as Warrior,

“From the top of fame’s ladder he stepped to the sky.”

Address of MR. DUNLAP, of Kentucky.

MR. SPEAKER: EDWARD D. BAKER was an Englishman born; yet as an adopted American citizen, a tribute to his memory even by one far removed from the scenes of his active life, will not be deemed obtrusive, for his was a national character. His infancy was cradled on the bosom of the ocean, his manhood careered in the storms of war, his penetrating mind discerned his fatal fall, and he now sleeps in a warrior's grave. Bold and fearless, his eloquent voice was lately heard in the councils of the nation, in withering denunciations of treason, and his last vital action was a patriot's martyrdom. Conspicuous in all his movements, he was the marked object of his opponents, and the fatal field in mute silence enshrouds his form. Poverty was his inheritance, civil and military pre-eminence, his testamentary bequest. Reared by no bountiful hand, his early days spent in a city life of unenvied toil, he brooked the frowns of penury and want, and on the sunset side of the Alleghanies, in the boundless prairies of the West, he sought a home of future usefulness. Proud of his profession, he rivaled the nation's Douglas. His ambition was of no ordinary mould; stimulated by the surroundings of his adopted home, just bursting the bands of primeval beauty, and gradually emerging into national usefulness, his new-made friends appreciated his energy of character, and tendered him legislative preferment.

Civil honors awaited him, and with almost matchless eloquence his advocacy of the Mexican war, gave him an elevated position in this new theater, and won for him the name of Orator. His patriotic devotion was not

surpassed by the native-born citizen. Guided by that love that masters the soul, in the hour of peril, he gave up the emoluments and trappings of civil office, and sought the tented field. Upon Cerro Gordo's heights, he aided in planting the banner of the American Union, which, in his fall, became his winding sheet. Upon the restoration of peace, his restless and ambitious spirit sought other climes, and California, with her gilded beauty, became the spot of the patriot's care, where clustered for a time the joys of home, and the rich reward for eminent services was a people's devotion. He was generous, brave, and manly, winning favor by his mildness of character, yet decisive action. In political or legal conflicts he dealt his blows with artistic skill. As a commander in the field or leader in party contests, he stood pre-eminent for his firmness, bravery, and gallantry. Possessing a mind bold in conception, grand in design, and powerful in execution, he was fitted for every crisis that marked the eventful age in which his brilliant career shone forth so conspicuously. Indomitable energy and burning zeal for his country, were characteristics that stamped his every action. With no model, he was the architect of his own fortunes. His persuasive manner captivated his hearers in debate, and his true nobleness of character won for him a myriad of friends. Separated from the social ties, which linked his temporary destiny, with all that could stimulate a generous heart, he cast his eye upon the EMPIRE CITY OF THE WESTERN OCEAN, with recollections of sweet endearment, and bid it farewell for the spot that last honored him with civil promotion. Infant Oregon found in him a devotee to her fast-developing resources, and a confiding con-

stituency trusted the gifted stranger with her fortunes and her fate. He was to speak for her in the national Capitol. True as she was to that Union, which constituted the elevated aim of his highest, his proudest aspirations, he won for her an enviable position. A nation's peril led him to the field; and, like the gallant Lyon, he sought death rather than defeat.

That a deep sorrow pervades the heart of the American people, at the loss of a man so energetic, firm, and true to her interests in this trying struggle for a nation's integrity, none will gainsay; yet with that feeling there is mingled an exultant pride, that he, the distinguished dead, was one of us. He emphatically belonged to the people. From their ranks he sprung; for their advancement and prosperity he labored; for their approval he toiled; for the perpetuity of their honor he died. How commendable such a death! to leave a name enshrined in the heart of this great nation. He felt a firm conviction that he would fall a martyr in stemming the culmination of this wide-spread treason; but nothing daunted, with heart of fire and brow of steel, he unbosomed his front to the torrent that overwhelmed his gallant form. Naught but the frame of such a spirit can ever die. The spirit will live, to animate all patriots. Ball's Bluff, in all recorded time, will proclaim his martyrdom. "The din of battle and clash of arms" awake not the sleeping dead. Oregon raises the wail of woe, State after State joins in the sad chorus, and the private circle wears a melancholy cast. EDWARD D. BAKER is gone, and, in his eloquent and touching language at the grave of Broderick, let us for him exclaim: "Good friend, true hero, hail! and farewell."

Address of MR. RICHARDSON, of Illinois.

MR. SPEAKER: I am sure the House will indulge me while I add a few words in reference to the illustrious dead. I first met Colonel BAKER, sir, in 1832, upon the northwestern frontier of the State of Illinois. We were soldiers in the ranks in different commands. At the close of that campaign we returned and lived in adjoining counties. We met frequently at the bar. We were members together of the House of Representatives of that State in 1837. We served two years in the Senate of that State together. During the war with Mexico he commanded a regiment; I was a subordinate officer of another regiment during the same period. We served together during one Congress in this Hall. I have known him well. It has been my fortune, in all the various relations where we have met, to encounter him in debate. We belonged to different and opposing political parties; and at the bar, in both branches of the legislature, before popular assemblies, in this House, I never came from a contest with him the victor. I have met but few men in public life, sir, who were more brilliant as orators than Colonel BAKER, and he added to it high scholastic attainments. But, sir, it would be drawing an imperfect sketch of his character if we only gave him these attributes. While his mind "possessed the brilliancy of the diamond, it had its solidity, too."

Before popular assemblies his brilliancy of display attracted and commanded the admiration of his audience. It was for the adversary to discover that in these con-

troveries there was more than the flowers of rhetoric. I have met but few men in public life whom I regarded as so dangerous an adversary in a political contest as Colonel BAKER few who had deeper convictions than he had. I might refer to numerous instances of the depth of his convictions, but one will be sufficient. When, at the grave of his friend, the late Senator from California, Mr. Broderick, to which the Representative from California [Mr. Phelps] has referred, Colonel BAKER denounced the practice of dueling as inhuman and barbarous, he uttered no new sentiment of his. In 1850, during a memorable occasion here, a collision was about to occur between Colonel Bissell, of Illinois, and Jefferson Davis. In a casual conversation which I had with Colonel BAKER and some others of our then colleagues, he denounced the practice of dueling as infamous, barbarous, and inhuman. It struck us all with a good deal of astonishment, showing that we had had but an imperfect knowledge of his character. Brave, daring, gallant, as we knew him to be, we thought he would interpose no objection to the fight. We combatted his arguments as best we could; but they left on each of us a deep impression. But for that conversation, no adjustment of the difficulty would have been made. Having returned to the Hall of the House of Representatives, General Dawson, then a Senator from the State of Georgia, came to my seat and expressed a desire to speak with me in the rotunda. I went there with him. He said, "We can settle this thing." I agreed to try with him to settle it. But for the conversation which had taken place a few moments before in which Colonel BAKER had taken such a conspicuous part, I should have rejected the proposition at once. I

will not relate the whole history of that transaction, but will only say that it was adjusted without dishonor to Colonel Bissell.

Mr. Speaker, Colonel BAKER has fulfilled the prophetic words which he uttered on this floor in 1850. He said, at the conclusion of one of his speeches,

"I have only to say that if the time should come when disunion rules the hour and discord is to reign supreme, I shall again be ready to give the best blood in my veins to my country's cause. I shall be prepared to meet all antagonists with lance in rest, to do battle in every land in defense of the Constitution of the country which I have sworn to support, to the last extremity, against disunionists and all its enemies, whether of the South or North; to meet them everywhere, at all times, with speech or hand, with word or blow, until thought and being shall be mine no longer."

He has fulfilled the prophecy.

The people of Illinois felt as deep anguish in the death of Colonel BAKER as did the people on the distant shores of the Pacific, or as any people in this nation. He was bound to them by many ties. His mother resides among them. His brother and sister are there. His early manhood's struggles and triumphs were there. He led her sons in the hour of battle to victory. They honored him by conferring on him places in the legislature and in Congress, and he reflected honor on them by the brilliancy of intellect which he brought to the discharge of his duties.

Death has been busy with that bright array of intellect which shone so brightly in the State of Illinois in our times. We have mourned at the graves of Harden, and Ford, and Harris, and Bissell, and our cherished leader, Douglas; and now we mourn at the grave of BAKER. The gems have dropped away from that circle. Some

of its brightest stars have been stricken out and obscured. A few years must sweep away from existence those who have been the rivals and compeers of the illustrious dead: and, sir, if the survivors can bring a nation sorrowing around their graves as have done those who have gone before them to the tomb, we shall have cause to rejoice in them.

I can say, from my knowledge of Colonel BAKER, that he was the manly and courteous opponent, the unselfish friend, the statesman without reproach, the brilliant orator, the gallant soldier. In obedience to his orders, in compliance with his duties, at the head of his command, standing beneath the flag, in support of the Constitution of the country, he has fallen, and gone to his rest forever. He has faithfully discharged his duties to his country and to mankind.

Address of Mr. SARGENT, of California.

Mr. SPEAKER: With unaffected sadness I rise to add a few words of tribute to the memory of my deceased friend, although little remains to be said by way of biography, or even of eulogy. I speak with intimate knowledge of the man from long association socially and politically—from a sympathy with his principles and active coöperation with him in many of his undertakings. Tame and dull seem any words of eulogy applied to that splendid intellect, that valorous heart, unless they could

be conceived in his own brain of fire, and uttered by his affluent tongue. But

“His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy—
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs!”

His faults, which were few, were those of the generous and social; his virtues were many and heroic. Deeply ingrained in his nature was a love of freedom; a reverence for free institutions, free labor, free men; a pleasure in the elevation of the masses that no demagogue can appreciate. Hence, his noblest efforts of oratory and richest gems of thought are found in those orations where he appealed directly to his people to be true to the principles of American liberty, and reminded them of the privileges of freemen. Hear him, after the goal of his ambition was won, the highest position his birth enabled him to fill, as he gives the key-note of his whole political life. He said, at San Francisco, when on his way to take his seat in the United States Senate,

“As for me, I dare not, will not, be false to freedom. Where the feet of my youth were planted, there, by freedom, my feet shall ever stand. I will walk beneath her banner; I will glory in her strength. I have watched her in history struck down on a hundred chosen fields of battle. I have seen her friends fly from her; her foes gather around her. I have seen her bound to the stake; I have seen them give her ashes to the winds. But when they turned to exult, I have seen her again meet them face to face, resplendent, in complete steel, brandishing in her strong right hand a flaming sword, red with insufferable light. I take courage. The people gather around her. The genius of America will at last lead her sons to freedom.”

Seizing upon the Republican party, in 1856, as the exponent of these his cherished convictions, in advance of nearly all other leaders, he traversed our hills and valleys and talked to the miners and farmers of the dignity of that free labor by which they had created a State, and magically illustrated the great issues of that contest. His prophetic mind, even at that early period, looked forward to the troubles with which we now contend. He appreciated the baleful effects that would be produced by the advancing, aggressive slave power of this nation, even to the destruction of the Union and Constitution; for he was learned in the hearts of men, and his penetrating mind had not been deceived by the specious pretenses of the men who even then cloaked treason with a fair exterior. Therefore he sought to prepare the minds of the people for effectual resistance to its usurpations. He was in advance of the age in that remote State; but such labors could not fail of effect. Those who have heard in the other Chamber his noble defense of the integrity of this Union against its assailants, who have seen his logical sword piercing to the dividing of the joints and marrow of the controversy, have an idea of the keenness of his intellect and the felicity of his language. But his electric power over the masses was yet superior to any force he wielded in such debates. He appealed to their better natures in behalf of their best interests, and he aroused them to tumultuous enthusiasm, or subdued them to tears, at his will. I do but strict justice to his memory when I say that California is largely indebted to EDWARD D. BAKER that she is not to-day within the grasp of secessionists, and that she is represented no longer in this Hall by politicians of

the Calhoun school, but by men charged to declare her unalterable fidelity to the Union.

Colonel BAKER was eminently a leader of public sentiment. With his gallant and daring nature he would never follow, would not timorously feel after public opinion. He was always in the van. Therefore, he never asked if a measure was popular as a condition of his support; he only cared if it was right. No matter how great might be the public opposition to any measure he deemed just and beneficial, he was not deterred from its support, but only labored harder to secure its success. Relying upon his great powers of intellect, the influence his unrivaled oratory enabled him to exert over his fellows, he dashed against popular opposition, and frequently turned it back where other men would have been trampled under foot. He had a faculty of identifying himself with his audiences, expressing their thoughts, leading their sympathies, speaking from their level with mingled simplicity and dignity, that dissolved prejudice and captivated their hearts. Possessed of enormous power for good or evil, the admiration that follows his memory is mingled with love and gratitude that he devoted his rare gifts to the good of humanity and to the noblest patriotism.

His original and fearless mind could be but little controlled by party ties. He looked through party to principles. His spirit was eminently catholic. He gladly welcomed co-laborers, coming from whatever source, and gave his services to elevate his nominal opponents. Calling himself a Republican, and sincerely such in principle, he was anxious to unite all who agreed in essentials. He set the example, in his political action and speeches, of discarding prejudices and minor distinc-

tions from that true policy which best serves and advances vital interests. Hence he disregarded party names, to fight by the side of his friend Broderick, when that noble Senator returned to California, after his first session, with the thunders of the Administration leveled at his head, for his opposition to its corruptions and to the extension of slavery. And when Mr. Broderick fell, a martyr to his devotion to human liberty, Colonel BAKER's oration over his body, in the hearing of weeping thousands, in the public square in San Francisco, had the intensity of grief of that of Marc Antony over the body of Cæsar:

“My heart is in the coffin there, with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.”

And there is a passage in that noble oration almost foreign to the gentle nature of the late Senator, as he spoke of the patient grief of the people, who hung upon his words, over their inestimable loss, that recalls the bitterness of those other words of the Roman orator—

“But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny!”

Was not the great champion of liberty slain? The labor of years destroyed in an hour? The first victory of freedom turned to bloody disaster? What wonder that, mingled with his eloquent sorrow, were thoughts of that vengeance that strikes like the thunderbolts of fate. Heart-broken he turned from the scene, and his eloquent voice was heard no more in our State until the

blood of Broderick had been best avenged by the triumph of the principles for which he was slain.

Honored by a seat in the national Senate by our sister State of the Pacific, a position which we of California would gladly have conferred upon him if we had had the power, and which he valued as the most dignified and honorable that could be bestowed, with true patriotism and noble gallantry he laid his position, his fortune, and his life upon the altar of his adopted country, and fell, as a patriot warrior should, contending against its foes. It is true, that he fell in an objectless fight; that no commensurate result followed the great sacrifice; but not the less noble the patriotism that animated him. Where shall we look in the annals of this or any war for a more heroic display of sublime courage than was exhibited on the disastrous day that witnessed his death, as he moved from rank to rank of his feeble command, encouraging his comrades by cheerful words, calmly directing their efforts, sharing their toil and utmost danger, his majestic form the mark of every hostile bullet, yet disdaining precaution, the gallant leader of a forlorn hope, with death alike in front and rear, entrapped into a position where victory and retreat were alike impossible, and surrender worse than death! With the immediate cause of his sacrifice, with that fatal and ill-advised movement at Ball's Bluff, I do not intend to deal. I doubt not the disasters of that day have impressed their lesson where it was needed, and there I am content at present to leave them. Pity it is, that that lesson has cost us so dear.

With the many elements of the sublime in his nature, he was eminently kind and friendly. His disposition was social, his heart open and cheerful as the day. He was

approachable to the humblest, sincere in his friendships, mindful of favors, liberal in return. No enemy could provoke him to hatred, no ally complain of treachery. He was indebted as much to the sincerity of his nature, which was manifest in every word and act, as to his wonderful powers of oratory, for the ascendancy he secured wherever he sought it. Prejudice melted in the sunlight of his smile. As imagination followed his bold flights through poetic realms, or reason labored to master his rapid deductions, his audiences would sway with admiration; and then, changing to deepest pathos—a pathos beyond affectation—that could spring only from a heart in sympathy with all that is good and gentle and true, he would move his listeners to tenderness and trust, opening his heart of hearts to their gaze, and captivating their affections by a glance into the riches of a nature so sympathetic that he bound them to his cause by very love of its advocate.

Mr. Speaker, we of California have not to-day the privilege of remembering the dead Senator as honored by us with his seat in the highest council of the nation. We have not the grateful recollection that the honor which he shed upon the Pacific States by his brief but splendid career in the Senate, is the peculiar treasure of our State. But California will ever claim and cherish the memory of EDWARD D. BAKER as one of her brightest jewels. Our State was the object of his earnest love—the theater of many of his highest achievements. He was familiar with our skies and mountains, our streams and forests, our cities and homes. He loved our people, and they loved him with fervent idolatry. Their hearts bled in anguish when the lightning flashed the dismal

intelligence of his untimely fate; and even now his ashes are borne over the waves to rest in the soil he loved, by the side of that other slain Senator, in the shadow of the Lone Mountain. In his own magnificent phrase, "As in life, no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amidst our mountains and our valleys until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart." I but inadequately speak the emotions of the people of my State, as I seek in feeble words to do honor to his memory. I would this tribute were worthier, that I could hang a garland upon his tomb worthy of his illustrious shade.

But the future will be just to his fame. When history makes record of the heroic deeds done in this holy war, the name of EDWARD D. BAKER will inspire to sublimest praise, and his memory be preserved from age to age like the sacred fire upon Vesta's altar. For myself I desire no higher motive for my public acts than inspired his glorious patriotism, his undying love of freedom. And, sir, I trust that the declaration of his truthful lips, made a little over one year ago, and which I shall quote—a declaration made in bitter mortification, in contemplation of the spectacle we presented to the civilized world, may have lost its truth and meaning by means of the national regeneration this war is producing:

"Here, [said he] in a land of written constitutional liberty, it is reserved for us to teach the world that under the American stars and stripes, slavery marches in solemn procession; that under the American flag, slavery is protected to the utmost verge of acquired territory; that under the American banner, the name of freedom is to be faintly heard, the songs of freedom faintly sung; that while Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel, every great and good man in the world, strives, struggles, fights, prays, suffers, and dies, sometimes on the scaffold,

sometimes in the dungeon, often on the field of battle, rendered immortal by his blood and his valor; that while this triumphal procession marches on through the arches of freedom, we, in this land of all the world, shrink back trembling when freedom is but mentioned."

Sir, the spell is broken. We dare to be free. The traditions of our race sadly teach that freedom is only bought with blood; and noble blood has been shed to emancipate us from the domination of that despotism which has fettered liberty and corrupted conscience. It seems a fearful price to pay when our Lyons and Bakers, our Winthrops and Ellsworths, are cut down in the glory of useful manhood. But the nation is being educated in heroism, and we are giving to the future holy names, and memories, and examples—inestimable gifts that will be cherished by our children's children as their richest inheritance.

Address of MR. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania.

MR. SPEAKER: My personal acquaintance with Senator BAKER was of recent date. It commenced about the time of the inauguration of President Lincoln. But under the influence of his graceful and genial manners and confiding nature, it soon ripened into mutual friendship, attested, on his part, by acts gratefully received and now sacredly remembered by a number of my young constituents, who desired to prove their patriotism by following him when he should lead a column 'mid the "sheeted fire and flame" of some second Cerro Gordo.

He was a fascinating companion; and I knew not which most to admire, the heartiness, ease, and grace of his social intercourse, or his power as a thinker, orator, and leader of men. Who that has seen his eye flash as his voice swayed the Senate or the assembled multitude of eager listeners, shall forget its fire? Or who, that has heard him quietly relate some mirth-moving incident, will forget the genial light with which it illuminated his sweet smile? Alas! that it should have closed in death while the blood of vigorous manhood poured from his many wounds.

But, Mr. Speaker, sorrow as we may with those whom he so tenderly loved; grieve as we may for our country, to whose welfare and glory his life was so unsparingly devoted, let us not mourn his death, for in it a well-spent life was fitly rounded. The enduring monuments of a nation are the stories of its men, which, if these were truly great, illuminate the future while they exemplify the past; and when EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER died, another name was indelibly graven on the imperishable rolls of American orators, statesmen, and soldiers.

He was not a native of the city which I have the honor, in part, to represent. The people of Philadelphia knew that he was born in England; that he came to manhood in Illinois, and, as a colonel from that State, bore the unsullied flag of our country from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico; that it was as a citizen of distant California he had thrilled the heart of a great and wide-spread people by the utterance of his indignant sorrow over the body of the murdered Broderick; and that it was as Senator from more distant Oregon he had hurled from the "Tarpeian rock" the Cain-like son of Kentucky,

who, impelled by ambition lawless as that of Lucifer, prated of the sanctity of the Constitution, that, by the arts of Judas, he might betray a confiding people; yet they loved him as one of themselves.

His early youth was passed in Philadelphia. Many of his relatives still reside there; and he always loved the city in which his father—yet kindly remembered by many—essayed to maintain his family by the labors of a teacher, and in which he first felt the quenchless flame of honorable ambition; and, after having publicly dedicated himself “to fight for country, home, law, Government, Constitution, right, freedom, and humanity,” he came thither to enlist a regiment, to follow him to victory or the grave, in so grand a cause. He came to raise one thousand men. The announcement of his name and purpose was magical as the summons of Roderick Dhu. More offered than could be accepted.

“From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow;
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood.”

And when his so-called California regiment left its place of rendezvous, it embraced three battalions and mustered over fourteen hundred of the flower and pride of Philadelphia. The day on which they passed through our city to encamp in a neighboring park was a gala day. I saw them as they moved along one of our principal thoroughfares; the music to which they marched was the plaudits of dear kindred, friends, and neighbors. It was a goodly sight to look upon. Beside the acute

lawyer, experienced legislator, glowing orator, and tried soldier, Colonel BAKER—whose name the fondest and proudest hopes of the city garlanded—rode the brave and accomplished young Quaker, Wistar, upon whom, with the affection of a father, he relied with such well-placed confidence as his “good right arm.” And in the column that followed was as grand an embodiment of character, culture, courage, and loyalty as ever regimental officer commanded. No holiday or hireling soldiers were they; but men with tender ties, bright prospects, and noble aspirations—men who knew what peace and freedom are, and how worthless life would be without them. How dauntless was their courage, how perfect their devotion to chief and cause, Massachusetts and New York will tell when they write the story of their sons whose conduct on that ill-chosen field invests with a radiant halo the doubts and disasters of Ball’s Bluff.

When his regiment had been in the field a short time, the Government offered Colonel BAKER a general’s commission, which he refused to receive; but while he gracefully declined the rank and pay, he accepted the labors and responsibilities of the station. About that time the business of recruiting seemed to flag, and with characteristic energy he undertook the labor of enlisting the additional regiments required to complete his brigade. Again he came to Philadelphia. Colonels Baxter, Owens, and Moorhead having served three months, and been honorably mustered out of service, had each gathered about him the nucleus of a regiment for the war. He saw and conferred with them. Moorhead had known him, as youth knows a gallant leader, “when pursuing honor on the distant fields of Mexico.” Baxter, one of

their number, was appealing to our firemen to encounter on a new field the toil and danger with which their unrequited labors make them so familiar; and in Owen he found an intelligent and educated representative of the courage and enthusiasm of the Irish-American people. He authorized them to announce their regiments as part of his brigade, and thus again disclosed the magical power of his name; for however tardily recruiting had gone on before, men now rallied around the standard of these officers more rapidly than the Government could arm and equip them; and in a few days an exultant people cheered the departure of the last of them for the embattled field.

The qualities which gave Colonel BAKER so controlling an influence among men seem to me to have been his frankness, his fidelity, and that great-hearted humanity which interested him in whatever concerned the rights, comfort, or welfare of those about him. In him my young townsmen declare they found not only the soldier's first need—discipline and guidance—but also a patient listener, wise counselor, and sympathetic friend.

His career illustrates the beneficence of our institutions. Neither, the poverty of his childhood, nor the fact of his foreign birth, depressed him. And as his restless energy bore him westward from the Atlantic even to the Pacific coast, he found under the Constitution of our country legitimate scope for all his activities. It is not generally known that with his varied powers he also possessed a fine poetic gift. It was, however, well known to his intimate friends; and I have sometimes thought that, though under other Governments or in other times he might not have been known as an orator,

statesman, or soldier, he would still have achieved lasting fame. The man who could close the rhythmical expression of an exquisite fancy with the exclamation—

“It were vain to ask as thou rollest afar,
Of banner or mariner, ship or star;
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free,
How vain are the questions we ask of thee!”

“I too am a wave on a stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand;
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And they who once reach it shall wander no more.”

The man, I say, who, with Colonel BAKER's love of right and large human sympathy, could give such expression to his fancy, might not have attained political power under institutions affording less scope to his activity, but would probably have shone in literature, and enrolled his name with those of Korner, Schiller, and Burns.

Mr. Speaker, our sympathy will not reanimate the moldering remains of our departed friend; but we can see to it that the people realize the hope in which he rejoiced: “That the banner of our country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established.”

Address of MR. RIDDLE, of Ohio.

MR. SPEAKER: The nation mourns her dead, not as in the peace-time, when one of her kingly ones went from a rounded and perfect career, leaving our sky brightened with his passage, and glittering with the new stars his hand had set in it. Then indeed she mourned, but it was with a proud and satisfied sorrow, as she inurned his ashes in her bosom and transferred his glory to her diadem, brighter for the tears with which she embalmed it. Now, we feel as if a strong and beautiful column had been shattered in our midst ere it was finished, and leaving a temple tottering for its support. It is as if we had suddenly stumbled upon the corpse of the dead Senator, not composed in the dignity of calm death, with his robes about him, but mangled upon a rent field, with the cloud of battle on his brow, and its flash still flickering in his eye; with his battle blade shivered in his hand, and the nation's ensign torn from its staff, scorched and crimsoned and trampled into the red earth beneath him. This is the picture that starts fresh and ghastly before us, and we contemplate it with pallid surprise, with the gush of first grief, and with a fierce indignation, for we know the hand that robbed us of this regal form and royal soul. And as we contemplate it, other forms marred by the hand of this war come in mourning procession and range themselves about this grand figure.

There is the shadowed face of Ellsworth, whose winged spirit bore him a step beyond frigid duty to a murderer; yet that spot is a shrine, and the dark edifice that holds it is chipped away for memorials and amulets and talismans. We now know the meaning of that nameless

shadow that deepened his boyish beauty. And Winthrop, radiant in young genius, with his hilt wreathed with the offerings of poesy and romance, rushing as blithely to battle and to death as a young bridegroom to the couch of expectant love.

And Lyon, from the far-off Missouri, who hurled his four or five regiments into the battle-embrace of twenty thousand enemies, and grasped victory out of the iron fangs of fate, and relinquished it only to the hand of death.

They throng about us, pale and shadowy, from scores of fields of glory and disaster.

Hundreds of our broad-browed, open-eyed youths—without a taint in their blood or a stain on their souls, pure as the mothers who bore them, and beautiful as the sisters in their homes—have been lost in fierce conflict, where individuality is dropped, melted out in the fiery mass of molten valor that roars and swells and breaks in red waves; when wounds do not smart, and death does not sting. Many—oh! how many—in rude, dilapidated hospitals and chilly tents, untended and uncared for, have passed away, solaced only by fever-dreams of far-off homes, bringing the images of cool hands and loved forms they shall meet never, save in the “silent land.”

These were not enough! A higher sacrifice; the highest the land could offer—he whom the Constitution, written by our fathers, made the peer of the President; and whom the constitution, written by the finger of God, made the peer of the proudest, living or dead—was demanded. And there, in that narrow, fire-girt field, at the close of that shortened autumn day, under that gray, pitiless sky, amid defeat, disaster, and death, that sacrifice

was made. It was perfect. The sky circled no nobler victim. That man-form was swayed by the brain of a statesman, and garnered the wisdom of a sage. It was warmed by the heart of a hero, and held the arm of a warrior. In it burned the imagination of a poet, and its utterances were with the tongue of an orator; and over all reigned a soul angelic in its elevation.

The nation mourns her dead; and when, in the anguish of this great loss, we contemplate the measureless calamity of which it is a part, and see the springs and causes and the hands that worked this dire woe, demands for an almost religious vengeance struggle for place and expression in our grief. We feel as if we should summon hither our young legions, and bidding them dip their weapons in this sacred blood, we should hurl them on the guilty land, to drive the plowshare of utter destruction through a soil that reeks with the feculence and slaver of all crime. That we should here invoke that the red-visaged angel of retributive wrath be loosened and sent to hover on the pinions of fright and terror over that doomed clime, and distil images of dire horror among the ghastly, shivering, guilty wretches below. Pardon me if such emotions should find no utterance here where everything should be softened and elevated to the tender grand sorrow of a great nation in the presence of a great grief.

Mr. Speaker, what fruition is to spring from all this wide, wild waste and desolation? What great fitting conclusion is to leap or grow from this crushing of the caskets of so many priceless lives? Are all these sacrifices to be in vain? or may we gather from them inspiration and courage and strength and stature, to confront and

grapple with the event that so overshadows and dwarfs us all? or shall they, furnishing the only light on the darkest page of American history, be transmitted for the benefit of a better generation, to whom that page shall tell the story of our visitation, and our opportunity, of the means before us and our weakly turning from them? That instead of our springing into the proportions of giants, and doing giants' work, we dwindled and driveled and shriveled and shrunk, and were buried under a burden that we could not carry.

This crowning loss shall be all a loss, if, like blinded men in darkened rooms, we waste our strength and energy in buffeting shadows and phantoms and shams that mock us as we smite. Not in vain, if, with the one great object we go confidently forth into the field of God's providence, and in the clear, white light, read the inscription emblazoned on the front of this huge treason, and apprehend the lesson it teaches. There, too, we shall find an ample means and a golden opportunity, like severe-browed yet staying angels, awaiting our footsteps.

A nation mourns her dead, and questions while she mourns.

Mr. Speaker, it was not needed that I should add a single leaf to the rich and varied garlands scattered with the profuse hand of national and individual grief upon the resting-place of the dead Senator. I had no ambition to bring a wrought wreath; I only wished to lay upon or near it one little broken spray.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were adopted.

VWY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00011604067